

He's not my brother

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Summary: [OS][Sterek][AU] Derek and Stiles know each other for a long time. What happens when their pheromones go wild after all these years? Here are a few scenes of their daily lives, some involving their desires, but mostly scenes of unconditional love, unconventional for some even. I let you be the judge of that, tell me what you think of it?

He's not my brother

\*\*\_Hey, good evening guys! \_\*\*

\*\*\_So, how can I put thisâ€¦ It's an oneshot, a challenge launched by Deadi, Jonathan, his friends call him Â«little deathÂ» don't they? ^^Derek is two years older than Stiles, he lives with his sisters and his parents and he is a were-wolf. This a part of their lives that had to be less than ten thousand words long, meaning Derek and Stiles' childhood, both of whom have always known each other until the grumpy kid's eighteenth birthday. Hum â€¦ what else? If I remember correctly, some rules needed to be observedâ€¦ Yes! There had to be a Â«confusedÂ» moment, a Â«darkÂ» moment and a really Â«darkÂ» one. A Â«hotÂ» scene (I put several in there, since there's an Â«i â€" s â€"Â» at the end of your pseudo-Jo, that will lead to many Â«small deathsÂ»).\_\*\*

\*\*\_The plot is mine (there is none! Haha). If I ever decided to treat one of the main characters sadistically, I had to act accordingly with the other and, to conclude, a Happy Ending was not an option. So, no need to worry, whatever happens, it all ends well. Oh, yeah, the ending had to be an echo of the title, so you all know how this ends already. \_\*\*

\*\*\_Sorry for the quality of the story, I received this challenge this morning and I had to publish it before midnight, so you'll forgive me if you find typos in there, or if my literary delirium isn't to your

liking.\_\*\*

\*\*\_So, if you're unhappy, talk to the one who set up this challenge  
;)\_\*\*

\*\*\_I hope you'll have a good readâ€¦|\_\*\*

\* \* \*

><p><span><strong>He's not my brother<strong>

Derek knew Stiles a long time before the accident. Their families, their mothers especially, were good friends. In the early years, Derek didn't care much for the crying baby, for the jabbering toddler, for the skinny little pale being who was playing with his little sister Cora. When he took a real look at the four-year-old kid for the first time, toffee eyes, white skin sprinkled with beauty spots, he didn't find him just beautiful, he thought he was magnificent. Derek was six at the time. Since then, he had wanted to protect him from the outside world, from the others and from himself. But Stiles, even at the age of four, seemed to find danger, no matter how it presented itself, like he had a gift of omniscience for trouble.

The little brown-haired child became this slightly too energetic being that kept swirling and jumping around him, babbling relentlessly and Derek would stretch his arm to stop him from falling, he would grab his t-shirt before he would kiss a cliff, and would put himself between him and all those who tried to intimidate him. His sister reproached him of stealing his friend and Derek shrugged his shoulders while taking possession of the talkative human who was stuck to him like a magnet.

"Can we go to the woods, D? Please, please, please," begged the child while pulling on his elder's arm without making him move from an inch.

"No, you almost got yourself impaled yesterday Stiles," he grumbled, displeased. "And stop calling me D," he ordered while easing the child's chin up.

"But you, you call me Stiles!" the child rebelled. "Come on, pleaaaase, it's boring here. Deeeeeeeeeee," insisted the ball buster while starting to pull on his arm again, tripping on his own feet as he did and caught just in time by his sighing elder.

"I don't call you S," he grumbled while putting him back on his feet. "You manage to fall, even without obstacles." D grumbled.

"You said we'd build a wood-house D! Come oooooooooonnnnnn," the child begged while pulling him with all his strength, his face contorted under the effort, which made Derek smile unintendedly. "You're a liar!" said the griping child, putting an end to his useless fighting to turn around and sulk. "I hate you," he whispered while wiping his cheek.

"No, you don't hate me," answered the elder, wounded despite himself.

"I hate liars and you, you are one," the child jabbered while

crossing his small arms, still not facing him.

"You don't hate me," whispered Derek, embracing the child from behind to capture him.

"Let me go, I'm not talking to you now, you're the meanest werewolf in the whole world," the brown-haired child struggled, pushing him away and turning around to stick his teary toffee eyes in his.

"You're just a baby," said the eldest, more upset than he wanted to admit.

"Well, at least I'm not a liar!" The little one yelled, crying, preparing to run away. Derek, who hated to see him sad like this, stopped him during his run-up to embrace him.

"Alright, let's go to the woods," he whispered in his ear. Half an hour later, everything was forgotten and Stiles was talking about this and that while incessantly moving around. But the wolf had a doleful look, and the child was not blind.

"Are you sulking because we're in the woods?" he asked in a small voice. Derek shook his head but kept silent. "It's because you're tired to stop me from fallingâ€¦ I'll be careful D," the grieving child promised.

"That's not it," grumbled the other unintendedly.

"You'd rather play with the grown-ups," he thought as he stopped walking. "We can go back Derek," he said sincerely.

"No Stiles!" He said, clearly annoyed, while pulling the child by the arm. "I don't like it when you hate me," he grumbled.

"You're such a baby!" cried out the child, a large grin on his face.

"Shut up," said the eldest, even more upset than before.

"I'll never hate you," said the kid with big sparkling eyes before jumping on him to give him a hug, knocking the wolf off his feet. Derek held him tightly against him, plunging his snout in his neck while they were both on the ground.

For years, they spent most of their weekends together, and even a few weeks at Hale Mansion during the holidays, to Derek's secret delight. One day, Stiles insisted on Derek accompanying him, Mrs. McCall and their son Scott on their errands, and Derek, who was a den wolf, became an official wolf guide during each of the two children's exuberant excursions. Hale was ten at the time, and if he felt a bit jealous towards little Scott, he would soften when Stiles fell asleep in his bosom as if he was his favorite comforter.

"Look at them Thalia, they've really adopted each other," smiled Stiles' mother while looking at her son, asleep in the arms of the boy who was stroking his hair.

"They look like two brothers," she giggled, while the eldest raised his head in her direction with a crabby look on his face.

"He's not my brother," he countered, unable to restrain himself. This surprised his mother's friend.

"Derek!" inveighed Thalia authoritatively.

"He's not my brother," he couldn't help but to repeat himself, hating this designation. His tone woke up the brown-haired boy who raised a still sleepy face in his direction, so beautiful that he instinctively kissed him on the forehead.

"Claudia just means that you are close. Apologize to her for your insolence, young man," ordered his mother while Derek was looking daggers at her, as if she was offending him personally.

"But he's not my brother," he said angrily behind clenched teeth. Never had he talked back to his alpha before, to his mother. Stiles stepped back, seeming so devastated that Derek went out of control. "Is that what you want?" he asked the child who was even paler. "You want me to be your brother?" he asked while an invisible pain was compressing his stomach.

Stiles looked at his mother, then Thalia, and then turned to Derek again, as if he was lost. He eventually shook his head without saying a word and embraced the grumpy werewolf with all his strength. The latter closed his eyes, relieved.

"Ohâ€|" said Claudia, who had just understood something.

A few weeks later, his sisters, who heard the scene thanks, to their sharp hearing, were having fun by teasing Derek at all times. Cora did it out of jealousy, Derek had taken her best friend away from her after all, and Laura did it because she loved to see her bro's angry.

"Don't be sad D, your little brother's coming this weekend."

"You two are so close you look like brothers!"

"I can wait for Stiles to get here, at least we'll have one brother who's not sulkingâ€|Â»

Until one day when Derek saw red and completely lost it.

"Stiles isn't my brother! He'll never be my brother! You two are witches and I never want to see you again!" he yelled while Thalia was crossing the corridor to see her son turned into a wolf and screaming at his sisters.

"We were just joshing Der," whispered the eldest, caught off guard, while Cora was sobbing.

"Well, you can josh by yourselves cause I never want to see you again! You're both dead to me!" He yelled in an incredible spit of hatred which brought tears to the eldest's eyes.

"Derek!" yelled Thalia while making her red eyes glisten. " I forbid you to say such a thing," she said in a rough tone as the boy was assuming his human form again, tears of rage in his eyes. "As for you two young ladies, I believe you owe your brother an apology," she

concluded by looking at each of them.

"Sorryâ€|" said the youngest, sniffing loudly.

"Sorryâ€|" said Laura, bowing her head. Thalia gave a severe look to her boy so that he would do the same.

"Sorry," he said reluctantly while locking himself in his room.

A sheepish Laura came to see him later that day. "Hey, can I come in?" She asked gently while the child was lying on his back, his gaze locked on the ceiling.

"No," her younger brother responded automatically. She still did and Derek let out a sigh.

"I knew it would make you angry but, if I had known it would hurt you, I would have stopped," she admitted while sitting next to him.

"He's more than my brother," digging his heels in while raging to feel tears coming to his eyes. He was ten, he wasn't a baby.

"I know that now," promised Laura while lying down herself. "But we're still your sisters, right?" She asked hesitantly.

"I don't really have a choice," he grumbled, unaware that he was hurting the eldest.

"And what if you had?" she tested, apprehensive of his answer. Derek turned his frowned eyes towards her.

"I wouldn't want any other sister Laura," he sighed as if it was difficult to admit.

"Promise?" she insisted, still uncertain.

"Even if you were adders from hell," he confirmed while the young girl had a smile all over her face.

"Your small companion will be here in ten minutes, bunny. Melissa will come to drop Claudia off and to take you to the movies with the kids," she said, pleased of herself.

"Stop calling me bunny," he growled unhappily.

"You should thank me, you little were-bunny, mom didn't want you to go out," she insisted while tickling him.

"My teeth are not that big!" He complained while pushing her over.

"Go on, my favorite rodent, go find your shandy chicory," she laughed, proud of herself, while Derek had sat up to throw his pillow at her, Cora invited herself to the improvised battle.

"Stiles is a sala-deeeuuh!" Sang the little one while jumping on her brother.

"You two are a pain!" He complained while trying to maintain a severe

expression despite of the smile which betrayed his intent, throwing the little one on his bed.

"Houuuuuu, DeDe, what big teeth you have! All the better to gnaw at you with my lover!" blared the eldest while running away, followed by the young wolf onto whom Cora was latching like a Koala. Thalia shook her head as she saw her children dashing off before her to squabble further.

It was the last time Derek saw his family. Once he went back from the movies with Mrs. McCall, Derek was an orphan and Stiles only had his father left. A fire. The world seemed like it had collapsed and only boiled down to their sorrow. The sheriff was devastated, but even so, he took Derek under his care and became his legal guardian. Life in the Stillinski household was strange. There wasn't a sound if Stiles didn't speak, and he didn't speak anymore. John worked a lot and they often found themselves on their own, waiting for sleep to come in separate rooms, while Derek was focused on each sound Stiles made. One day, soon after he turned eleven, he cracked.

"It's my fault," he confessed to the Stillinskis who then stopped eating and raised their surprised faces in his direction. "The day â€¦ that dayâ€¦" He continued with difficulty, an irrational fear blowing up in him at the idea of losing his companion. "I wanted Laura and Cora dead, I told them," he said shakily while John opened his big sad eyes.

"No, of course not Derek," he said sincerely, feeling guilty for not noticing that the kid was feeling guilty himself.

"I told them I hated them, that they were dead to me. I killed them and your wife too," he said crying. The sheriff jumped on his feet to embrace the child with all his strength, while the little brown-haired boy was petrified with tears in his eyes.

"No Derek, that's not how this works kid," assured the powerless man.

"We made amends, but it was too late!" He sobbed louder.

"That's not how this works Derek, you've got nothing to do with it," the policeman insisted, stepping back to convince the boy of his honesty.

"Werewolves exist though!" he said angrily, hating to see Stiles about to have a panic attack.

"Derek, there's something I should have told you a long time ago, butâ€¦"

"No !" yelled Stiles, tormented, while running to his father. "Don't tell him dad!" he cried, grabbing the man by the arm to stop him from talking.

"Stâ€¦"

"No dad!" he sobbed insanely, while Derek felt a huge despair coming from his lover. "He's gonna hate me dad, please, don't do it!" He begged while aggressively pushing his astonished father around.

"Stiles!"

"Please dad," the kid sniveled, seized by uncontrollable shivers and an unconditional fear. "Don't tell him!" He yelled through his tears. Derek took him in his arms to calm him, but Stiles struggled like hell. "Don't do it, don't do it, don't do it," the child repeated relentlessly.

"STILES!" The sheriff yelled at the small child who didn't understand anything anymore. The kid let himself fall on the floor and was curled up against the kitchen unit, his breath was erratic. "You don't know what I'm about to say," said the man more calmly while squatting in front of his child whom Derek had joined instinctively as if to protect him from the adult.

"I just wanted to bake a cake," Stiles sobbed. "I wanted to make D happy," He stuttered while sobbing. "Mom said no. Because we didn't have time anymore and I told her I told her that we could cook-cook it at Thalia's," he cried louder. Derek felt like the world was crumbling under his feet as he understood that his little companion was feeling guilty about all this, and he embraced him and kissed him on the temple.

"You. All this time, you thought you were responsible," the sheriff stood up, dumbstruck. He brushed his doleful face with a heavy hand. "It's not your fault boys," said the discouraged man. "The hunters were after you Derek, they're ones who burned the house down," he revealed while rubbing his head vigorously, lost. "It wasn't the oven, or harsh words, but despicable beings who knew your secret. If someone is guilty, that would be me for not seeing it coming," he confessed with teary eyes, presenting a painful grimace that none of them had seen on him before.

That night, Stiles joined him in his bed for the first time. Derek lifted the blanket and they slept well at last. It became a habit, so much so that the eldest didn't even remember when they stopped meeting each other and just moved in the same room together, in the same bed. When the sheriff noticed it, he moved Stiles bed, and then his desk. And if, at night, Stiles would crawl under his blanket, Derek would sneak in the bed of the hyperactive boy before John would arrive and find them together.

When the eldest turned fourteen, they played videogames, went to the movies together and to school as well. Everyone said they were brothers, and Derek hated it. Stiles wasn't his brother, he was much more than that. His human kept sleeping in his bed and he felt guilty about what the boy would awaken in his body. When the hyperactive kid fell asleep, Derek would lean in closer, slowly, burying his nose in his neck. He tried not to enjoy these forbidden moments when his treacherous body was aroused with pleasure. But he couldn't help it and his penis always ended up finding a spot on one of the butt-cheeks of the kid who was driving him crazy. So, in the morning, when his desire had forbidden him to sleep, he would slip into Stiles' bed and give himself away to his pleasure before he would wake up and notice his confusion.

Derek had a few friends, boys and girls, a likable gang with whom he got along. Stiles had Scott. They walked to school together and Derek

always checked on him between every class, then they ate lunch together and, finally, they went home. Nothing would trouble this cycle, nor the training sessions to which Stiles came to see him, nor the potential appointments, or the sheriff's working hours, or even the brotherly excursions. Until his human decided, in an attempt to stand out, to distance himself from him, leaving him lonelier than ever. After a week, Derek couldn't take it anymore. He was hurting not knowing whatever wrong he had done to him to deserve this and was constantly tiring himself out, thinking about his last conversations with the kid.

"What have I done?" Derek asked with arched shoulders.

"N-Nothing, why?" Stiles answered unhappily.

"You're avoiding me, what have I done?" the wolf asked again while rubbing his face.

"It'sâ€¦ It's the grown-ups, Dad and Mrs. McCall, and your friends tooâ€¦ They say I should stop â€¦ smothering youâ€¦ That you're a teenager and that you need space now," the child concluded in a breath, his eyes glistening with uncertainty.

"Never, that's a lot of bull," growled Derek while getting quickly on his feet to embrace the child, as a heavy load was vanishing away from his heart. Stiles didn't push him away.

When Derek turned sixteen, he passed his driver's license and got the blue jeep that Stiles would later inherit. John didn't want Derek to spend his money on a sports car, mostly because he was a young driver. Their daily routine changed, they were almost too free and sometimes went on camping trips, far from the city, during the weekends. Stiles was looking at him differently at the time. He would observe him during his physical exercises when he thought that Derek couldn't see him. And every time he raised his eyes to him, the kid would pretend to be indifferent to it, which would leave Derek torn between literally falling for him or feeling totally rebuked. He could feel the gaze of his human on his skin, running along his muscles like a burning caress.

"Are you enjoying the view?" He asked him one night, while Stiles had stopped writing at least ten minutes ago to eye him up \_ever so discretely.\_

"What? Uh â€¦ no, I'm stuck on my history paper," the child lied shamelessly.

"Well, it's not likeâ€¦" the eldest began between two push-ups. "I was a werewolf â€¦ with a super human hearing â€¦ and that I can tell â€¦ when you're lying." he said in a sigh.

"Speaking of which, that's the only reasons you've got muscles," the other assured him while turning back to his homework.

"Probablyâ€¦ Stilesâ€¦ I don't play sports after â€¦ all," he said, getting out of breath, resuming his push-ups using only one hand.

"Dude, you're built like a guy over twenty, you've got so much hair on your chin that if you had a light panel above your head where you



could read "werewolf" it would be less obvious. And if you like sports, it's because you're like a dog dreaming about chasing a ball. It's your instincts, you can't help it dude, it's in your genes," the idiot assured.

"Don't worry sweetheart, you'll have hair too " in ten years or so," Derek said mockingly while slowly standing up. "Compare me to a dog again and you I are gonna have a problem," he concluded with a growl.

"Oh, I'm so scared Deeeeee," Stiles aped, still getting on his feet in order to step away from him. "You'd only have to add biting to the barking. Do that thing again where you tense your sweaty muscles, like, I'm a man, wouf, not a dog, grrrrrrrrr!" Insisted the idiot while Derek displayed a dangerous smile walking slowly toward him.

"That depends Stiles, I'll do it only if you do that thing with your eyes again, like, I'd happily lick that divine body," he whispered while caricaturing a swooning mug, his smile broadening as he heard his little protégé's heart skipping a beat.

"You ain't my style, Hale" lied the other, truly unsettled, his amusement turning to shame, then slowly turning to pain.

"It's all right Stily," the eldest apologized as he felt his heart tightening in front of the wounded boy.

"And we're brothers anyway," added the brown-haired kid without conviction. "You're just here to taunt me, to remind me that I'm no match for you," he laughed despite the truth his words held.

Derek started to feel annoyed.

"You're not my brother, you even said so to that Wittemor prick!" he noted unintentionally. "And we're equals you and I," he said with pinched lips, pointing his index toward his torso.

"Yeah man, all in the head, all in the muscles," he said pointing at the both of them in turns, biting his lower lip with a rather comic expression.

Derek walked up to him, smelling the perfume of arousal revolving around the human, who was uncomfortable seeing his peer getting closer.

"Get away D, you're all sweaty," he complained while placing a hand between the both of them, his palpitating heart sounding like music to wolf's ears.

"Stiles," he interrupted, taking the grimacing boy's wrist.

"Don't do it" the young man whispered, vulnerable as Derek had just forced him to lay the palm of his hand on his wet chest. The pain he saw in his amber pupils made him stop and let go of his hand.

Stiles quickly took off.

That night, the boy didn't join him, nor did the next one. Derek

cursed himself for talking. Why had he insisted? Stiles seemed completely unaware that his desire was mutually felt, hiding himself within the shame of fantasizing on his elder. He wouldn't talk about it again, he hated to see his angel walking away and underestimating himself. In the early morning, after the third night, Derek slid under the kid's blanket, praying that he wouldn't kick him out. He pressed himself against the child's back, finally able to breathe for the first time in the last three days. Stiles woke up almost at once and, with a confused heart, moved back to get closer to his chest. The elder slid his nose along the back of his neck and caressed his hip with his hand, pressing his erection against the teenager who seemed to be holding his breath as a delicious smell of desire filled the air. Derek didn't move, neither did Stiles, even though their retained, embarrassed, panting obviously showed that they needed to go further.

They slept together again, the hyperactive kid reeked of this smell of arousal that made the wolf sick with lust. When they'd wake up, Derek's erection would be stuck to Stiles' ass, they would lay there, silent, soothed by their clumsy respiration. Their indiscreet frictions would send them on the edge, and they would eventually end up walking away without saying a word. Derek wanted so much more, to taste this mouth, this skin, to hold this body and make love to it, to drown in his breath and in their entwined smells. He wanted it more than destroying those clippers which gave him a terrible haircut, more than beating the shit out of Jackson Wittmor for making fun of his protÃ©gÃ©, more than to shut John's mouth when he called them Â«brothersÂ», to make every judgmental, possibly righteously so, gaze go away.

Derek eventually destroyed the clippers in front of a stunned Stiles, who had just turned fifteen.

"What did they do to you?" The teenager said with a contrived voice while looking at the destroyed item in the sink. "The first clippers that don't cut into my head and you cut theirs? You're a fucking pain Derek," he said without letting go of the broken clippers.

"Language," the elder reprimanded. "And they shaved my head, that's what they did," he concluded while leaving the crime scene.

"You're not getting away with this so easily, bad wolf!" Stiles yelled. "I bought them with my own money! Shit, next time, I'll buy a wig," he cried while throwing the corpse away.

"And it shall suffer the same fate," Derek growled.

"Oh, wow, real mature Derek! For real!" cursed the teenager as he slammed the bathroom door on his way back to their room. "Pick something you own," he said to the wolf, planting himself in front of him.

"Excuse me?" growled Derek.

"Pick something you own," the teenager insisted, crossing his arms over his chest.

"You won't break anything of mine Stiles," said Derek threateningly.

"Wanna bet?" The hyperactive offered while extending his hand. Derek shook it with a predatory smile. Stiles ran to his desk to steal his cellphone and went to the window, clearly threatening to throw it out. "Pay me back for my clippers," he said while stretching his arm above the chasm.

"Give that back Stiles" Derek growled, ready to jump on him.

"The cash," said the other while extending his free hand.

"Stiles, I'm gonna drop you with it if you do this," the wolf threatened harshly.

"Dude, you just have to pay me back and no one gets hurt," the kid continued.

"Give him his phone back Stiles," John interfered, as he passed by.

"What? He ruined my clippers!" said the offended teenager.

"I would have done it eventually," specified the sheriff, drawing a mean smile on Derek's face.

"You caution the destruction of my stuff? Good job respecting the law dad, bravo, you're a great role-model, I didn't know you were a dirty cop!" Yelled Stiles while throwing Derek's phone back at him. "And we wonder why criminality is rising. Where are we going if cops get to do the same? That's how honest people start falling to the dark side. You're no good to me, your toxic influence will end up ruining the flawlessness that still characterized me five minutes ago, before my bitterness turned to an evil revenge scheme! I'm going to the other side dad!" He yelled while sticking a hand in front of Derek's teasing smile.

"If I wasn't the sheriff Stiles, you'd already have a criminal record," his father reminded him while stopping in front of the door to witness both boys atop of each other in the middle of a ridiculous brawl. "You're both ridiculousâ€¦ Derek, watch over your brother, he's slipping to the dark side," he said as he left.

"He's not my brother!" they yelled in unison.

A few weeks later, Derek cursed himself for ruining the kid's clippers. The teenager's hairdo was tempting, given the fact that he didn't even try to comb it and wore it disheveled like one would in a sexy escapade. He could have gotten used to it and even liked it if only the boys and girls at high-school didn't fall for it. Even worse, Stiles had understood that it was a success and thanked Derek. When the teenager joined him at night, Derek only dreamed about burying his fingers in the brown locks of hair which tickled his chin, but reluctantly settled for their pleasant smell instead, chocking himself on this new drug. In the early morning, when they were both pretending to still be asleep, even though it was obvious they weren't, young Hale would gently rub his fangs against the silky nape of the boy's neck, thrusting his nose in his hair to intoxicate himself to his heart's content. Their joined breaths turned into irrepressible moaning, wounded growls, incoherent whispers and, if they maintained the cloth barrier as an ultimate effort to not go

even further, these were their first shakily shared orgasms.

When Stiles turned sixteen, Derek was unhappy about it. It meant that he himself would soon be eighteen and would be done with high-school. And, above all, his human was getting out of this ill-proportioned state common to all teenagers, onto a broader, manlier, more outlined and more attractive silhouette, if such a thing was possible. To sleep next to him while fully dressed was a challenge, and these proscribed mornings became a torture. He wanted more than a penis kept captive in his pants, rubbing against a clothed back door. Derek wanted to lick this intimate part of his body and thrust himself into it up to the guard. He wanted to caress Stiles' penis and to feel it beneath his fingers. He wanted to kiss that mouth, to fuck it with his tongue while swallowing the teenager's cries and moans of pleasure. He wanted to be naked on his skin, to cuddle his beauty-spots, to mark him with his claws, with his fangs, to come deep down inside him.

One morning, Stiles had probably felt the same needs, for he lowered his boxer as soon as he felt the first frictions, making the wolf's head spin, who then did the same. Derek slid his cock between these perfect butt-cheeks as he let out a sigh while feeling the heat of their joined bodies. He bit the back of his neck, mimicking the act with such desire that he felt himself boiling from within. Derek licked his hand to cover his penis with his own saliva, before moving back and forth between the teenager's lobes, which literally made him feverish. He wanted to moan freely, to get inside him, and his hand found the wavering teenager's member. Frenzied, Hale moved aside to place himself atop him and to seize both of their agonizing cocks. And he finally buried himself in this tremulous mouth, sliding his tongue on Stiles' who was sobbing like a wreck. Derek turned blind as he felt the orgasm building up inside him like never before, fucking in his fist joltingly, crazed up by the sensation of his human's dick pressed against his own. Stiles came whole heartedly, stretching his muscles in a tensed wheeze, leading to his own orgasm which left him breathless, providing him with such tremendous pleasure that he felt like he was transcending out of himself. It took him a solid five minutes to get over it, giving his lover a full kiss on the lips before wiping the dark haired child's tears who was catching his breath under him. He wanted to wake up like this every morning, despite his incoming majority. Stiles and his moaning were his. Stiles and his quivering body belonged to him. He kissed his lips shakily one last time, plunging into his clouded gaze. He would remember that morning forever.

Derek was going to turn eighteen in eighteen days. In eighteen days, he would be an adult and to claim Stiles, who was two years younger than him, would become illegal. The thought terrified him and excited him at the same time. He had had a magnificent exchange with the human of his dreams a few hours ago and could no longer think about something else. Derek was losing himself within these contradictory sensations which forbade him to remain objective and this mental hodgepodge led him to feel thin skinned to a point where he felt numbed, far from reality and so sensitive that he remained hard until eight o'clock.

Maybe it was for this reason, or for all of the other reasons that were building up in his nervous system, that the young wolf took offense of the fact that Stiles was literally buried in the bosom of a busty blond when he arrived to high-school that same morning where

he had tasted the most powerful aphrodisiac of all for the first time. Erica secreted a cocktail of pheromones specially designed for his lifelong companion, and young Hale felt his inner wolf's desire to rip his pretty face apart. Knowing that the human would call her "beautiful" affectionately ruined whatever self-control he had managed to keep so far.

"Hey," called Kate, a blond who had been flirting with him for the past six months, while he was looking at the scene with daggers. "Your little bro' is playing with the big shots now, given what I saw this morning in the girls bathroom," she said with a confident tone. "Erica blared like a real bitch" I really don't see what he likes about her," she concluded as she glanced disdainfully at the couple.

"What, you wanna hit that Silver?" Bran asked, unaware that his friend was breaking down.

"Hum, no, not my style," she eluded the question as Derek was finally looking at her.

"What is your style?" he asked, on edge.

"Strong, tall, black hair, evasive eyes" she said, raising subjective eyebrows while biting her lower lip with a grin.

And Derek let his heart implode when he swooped on those glossed lips. He heard a heart palpitating violently in the distance and decided to completely ignore it.

This was how, for the first time in almost eighteen years, Derek found himself locked up in the toilets trying to remain in control of his instincts. Never had he felt so dangerously and so violently jealous. His anger toward Stiles became wrenching. His pain compressed him, left him breathless, and he suffocated at the thought of the morning events. He spent almost three hours trying to contain himself and taking a decision that made the wolf howl in torment, but put him back in his place. He was going to distance himself away from the teenager, to go back to his own bedroom and celebrate his birthday with his friends, who had kindly invited him to do so. He was already off to a good start since he had kissed Alison's big sister with full lips anyway.

A few days later, when he got back from his birthday party at four in the morning, drunk and smiling, he stupidly thought that he had distanced himself from the hyperactive kid for the best. He spent eighteen days not thinking about the teenager, isolating himself to ignore his heartbeat, his smell, his voice. He was free at last. He noticed the colorful banner that Stiles had left on the kitchen table and only felt more resentment. These days, Stiles would go to school on his own, hang out with the blond and her friends and things were going well for him. It wasn't that hard to disregard all this after all. He didn't sleep with Kate, he vaguely groped her every now and then, but in any case, that's not what he was expecting out of it. She was only a tool to help him forget and ignore his brother. Derek was so gifted for denial that he didn't even realize the extent of his own unhappiness. He spent most of his time with his girlfriend, neglecting Bran, Lisa, and even lost his inner wolf, who was as silent as a grave.

Four months passed in the general indifference.

"Yes John?" he answered at the first ringtone.

"Derek, I won't be able to go get Stiles at the hospital and Scott has his training until seven. If you could just go there and sign him outâ€¦ I warned Melissa." An anvil fell into the young man's stomach. Stiles was in hospital? Why? Since when?

"What'sâ€¦" he began feebly with an aching stomach. Why didn't he know about this?

"I'll go tomorrow morning if you can't, but since it's almost been a week, he's gonna be mad at me. Mel works the night-shift and she can't sign him out outside of visiting hours, even if he has been living there for the past two months. She's trying to take a few hours off, but I don't know if she can afford it. Just this once Derek, maybe he'll agree to stay with us a little â€¦" the pessimistic man sighed.

Derek's world was dangerously reeling around him, and the bubble of isolation that protected him exploded. Stiles didn't live here anymore? Why did Stiles live somewhere else? Why was he hospitalized? An unconditional fear began to crawl under his skin. He hadn't talked to the human in ages. He hadn't seen him, smelled or heard from him in almost four months. He fell on his chair, out of breath.

"Derek?" said the sheriff, worried. "I would understand if you couldn't, I know that you're not as close as you used to and that you have your life now but, just one last favor?" proposed the man, uncomfortably.

"Yes, yesâ€¦ I'm going."

"This evening at five pm, thank you son," concluded the father while hanging up.

When Derek arrived to high-school, he felt like his whole body was wrapped up in cotton. His vision was clouded, his mind wandered, and his heart agonized. How had he managed to not see anything? His inner wolf was in his cage, running around in circles, sobbing, seemingly back to the stage where he became aware of its own existence. He had disregarded him, his companion, he had abandoned them and had stopped protecting himâ€¦ He directly walked toward Scott, who gave him a strange look, as if he was uncertain that Hale was coming to meet him.

"What happened?" he harshly asked to the astounded tanned boy.

"Sorry?" the teenager failed to understand.

"Stiles", he simply said, unhinged.

"Oh, yeah, I'm just gonna skip practice and my mother found a way to free herself. Don't worry, I explained the situation to her," said the other. "I told my coachâ€¦"

"No, I'm going. Tell me what happened," the wolf interrupted him, about to burst.

"What? No you're not!" the teenager almost spat. "He's gonna lose it if sees you man! He's already in pretty bad shape with all this shit!" he began to yell as he dominated Derek with all of his stature. The elder stepped back as if he had been slapped. He had known Scott as a child and this guy was different, he seemed to hate him.

"Mind your ownâ€¦" he retorted belligerently, hurt.

"Business?" the brown haired kid cut him short ragefully.

"Nâ€¦"

"I mind because it's your fault he's like that! He never would have abused of his meds if he didn't have to look at you ignoring him every goddamn day, asshole! I'm getting him out." he concluded, getting on his way to class without waiting for a response.

"What's happening man?" Asked Bran, whom he even hadn't heard coming, as he laid a hand on his shoulder.

"Stiles is at the hospital," the teenager said mechanically, assaulted by an unbearable pain.

"Dude, I know, he's been there for a week. I went to see him, he's fine," the other assured him while shrugging his shoulders. Derek turned around to face him. "Don't give me that look Derek, he's my friend," said the teenager. "He's been messed up for months, I don't know what you're reproaching him for, but he's reproaching himself ten times worse," he concluded while leaving Hale standing there.

He stayed like this for five minutes, unable to move. Kate joined him and embraced him from behind but it made him nauseous and gave him the chills in the worst way possible. He freed himself from her, his throat caught in an invisible vice.

"What's the matter handsome?" she asked, her glossed lips stretched in a smile.

"Stilesâ€¦" he began, the words scorched his trachea.

"Oh please Derek, you're brother just had one of his Â«girl desperate for attentionÂ» episodes, I'm sure he's fine now," she hurled with amusement. Derek looked at her as if he was seeing her for the first time.

"Don't talk about him like that," he warned her while a vicious hatred was infiltrating his veins.

"You've been ignoring him for months and now you act like a devoted brother?" she said mockingly, her gaze froze like a chunk of ice.

"Just shut up please," he said without unclenching his teeth.

"You know what the best part is, baby?" she continued, getting closer to him as he was stepping away from her. "That it's all your fault, my little wolf â€¦" she smiled, delighted. "You were looking at him like he was Romeo, honey, you were turning faggot on us you know?"

she pleaded, unconcerned. "You don't think that little Hale needed help? You should've seen your face when I told you about him and Erica, a real serial killer," she laughed while passing her hand over her face while he was stepping back, dumbstruck. "Oh come on Derek, you didn't really believe that your loser brother was the new Don Juan of the high-school toilets now, did you? Nevertheless, you gave me the best months of my life handsome. It's a shame that you're Â«impotentÂ», " she smiled winking at him before leaving while mimicking a gun aimed at Derek's head with her fingers.

That day was one of the worst days of his life. He who had ignored up to the very name of his angel now found himself looking for it in every conversation with a heavy heart. Erica was a miserable, forsaken little thing with a sad face and a vagrant look. Lydia was eating her lower lip away and Scott and Alysson were only talking about the argument they had had the same morning. Even Jackson, the dumbass, was worried and it wasn't recent.

"\_Come on Erica, he's feeling better, a lot better than he did three months ago\_," Isaac assured while trying to comfort his friend during lunch.

"\_Maybe he tried to kiss Derek and that the guy didn't love him like that and rejected him\_," said Lydia while frowning her little face.

"\_You said that thirty times already Lyds! He didn't kiss that asshole. The guy abandoned him from one day to the next without a word! Stiles was building his life around that guy and it fucked him up!\_" the tanned kid said angrily as he grabbed his lunch-tray on his way out. "\_I warned him. I told him that Derek was just having fun\_," Scott cursed as he slammed his chair against the table, powerless.

Hale stopped eating when Boyd added that at least the hyperactive kid's tension was back to nine instead of seven. The world of jealousy and superficial concerns he had built tumbled down, leaving only a vivid shame and fear of having lost the child forever. Even the anger he felt toward Kate wasn't enough to numb his pain. He learned that he had a gift for denial the hard way and said denial had ironically just blew up in his face.

When he came home that night, he went straight to his old bedroom, hoping to collapse on the human's bed. He broke the bolt on the locked door. The chaos that reigned there stoned him. Stiles was a fucking maniac and his room was a giant garbage. His heart, which was out of control since this morning, eventually collapsed on itself. It looked like the kid had been seized by an uncontrollable rage and had destroyed everything that stood in his way. And that's when he saw it, the banner he had made for his birthday, sitting in middle of a pile of papers that covered the floor. He entered the room and caught the banner that was cut in four places. Underneath it was a red card, red like blood, which featured a caricature of them hugging each other.

\_I'm sorry, I don't know what I did but forgive me. Please forgive me. I'll do anything you want. Forgive me Derek, I'm sorry about everything. Everything. I'm feeling real bad about all this. I'm so sorry, real sorry, sorry, sorry. I love you D, I love you, forgive me.\_



Derek fell to his knees, tears in his eyes. What had he done? There were a hundred sheets of creased paper. Words addressed to him, words he had never read, never seen. Scrawled drawings, damaged drawings in gray and black. No more outrageous colors, no more Stiles. And a gift for his eighteenth birthday sat in the middle of the maelstrom. Tickets to a concert, to the same concert that he had attended with Kate a month earlier. Derek felt the tears working their way through his eyes while his heart shattered. He advanced into the room on his knees, falling over the sheets blackened by Stiles emotions, over a psychosis which Derek hadn't noticed or heard. He read every letter that was addressed to him. They all asked for his forgiveness. Some described Stiles as the most hideous human being on the planet. How could he have forgotten that the human was sixteen and was more vulnerable at this age than at any other? That Stiles was permanently vulnerable when it came to him? How could he have ignored the terrible depression that affected the one he loved? And he was the cause of it. He had just started ignoring him overnight as if he was dead to him. When the teenager wanted to talk to him, he indifferently passed in front of him for four months.

He spent the next four hours taking care of the room, tidying it up, cleaning it, changing the bed sheets, looking for a smell that was barely there. He moved his bed to put it back in the hyperactive kid's bedroom and added his stuff there like they used to do. But the child didn't come home that night either, nor did he the following days. Derek saw him at school, he had shaved his head, almost to the bone. He had lost a lot of weight and gotten pale and the dark bags under his eyes blackened his gaze. He was smiling but seemed subdued and faded. He smelled of medicine and sorrow. His hands were a little shaky. However, everyone thought that he looked better than he did before. Was it possible that he had been worse than this? Derek couldn't sleep anymore. Five torturous days spent observing him and Hale became mad. Mad with pain, guilt and love.

"Can I talk to you Stiles?" He asked on Friday during lunch. He couldn't hide the pathetic tone of his voice which almost begged him.

"Something happened to my dad?" the kid panicked, his breath was wheezing.

"No, no!" said Derek who felt even worse. The teenager didn't expect him to talk to him to the point that he assumed the worst. "I need to talk to you," he said trying to contain the sorrow in his voice. All of Stiles' friends looked at him suspiciously.

"W-why?" the teenager inquired with a heavy heart.

"Please?" asked the wolf between his teeth.

"If my father put you up to this, I'll tell him that we talked, you don't have to." the other said kindly, still short-winded, displaying a smile that aimed to be reassuring and which made Hale sick to his stomach. Derek was shocked of having fucked things up that bad.

"No, I just wanna talk to you," he insisted, sounding more angry than he would have wanted. Stiles looked at Scott who seemed ready to jump on the wolf. It was as if he was waiting for the tanned boy's approval.

"Alright, "the kid answered despite the under-lying rage of his best friend. "Okay â€| yeah," he said, picking up his empty lunch-tray as he stood. Derek could feel that all eyes were upon him. For them, he wasn't Stile's protector anymore, but his enemy.

Derek followed the teenager into the courtyard. The hyperactive boy's heart sounded like an irregular, powerless, agonizing melody. He reeked of fear, despair and resignationâ€| He stopped all of a sudden to face Hale, observing him like he was expecting insults or something painful and destructive, but wanted to hear something more than the wolf's silence. Hale didn't have the words anymore. He had never seen him feeling so insecure, so fatalistically waiting for the worst to come. The kid didn't have the strength to be optimistic when facing the future. He was an uncertain and fragile shell and that was wrecking Derek up and made his inner wolf want to yell.

"I'm' sorry," the kid said while fiddling with his ruined hands. A new habit of his that the eldest hadn't noticed until then. "I shouldn't haveâ€| I know thatâ€| I can'tâ€|" he began, completely rambling in front of Derek whose throat was too lumpy for him to answer with words. "I know that I am â€| that I smothered you and I won't do that again, Iâ€|" He rubbed his face with his hand. "It was unhealthy to love you like that, to always â€| rely on youâ€| I'm feeling so guilty about it Iâ€| I understoodâ€| I'm feeling better nowâ€| You need to live your own life and I was smothering youâ€| I'm sorryâ€| I didn't want to, I should've understood that sooner Derekâ€| I hadn't seenâ€| Kate and everythingâ€|" he reproached himself while roughly rubbing the back of his neck. "I won't do that againâ€| I got it, I won't do that to you againâ€| I was too clingy, I'm so sorry." He sobbed while pressing firmly his hands on his eyes. "I'm just gonnaâ€| I have toâ€|" He took a deep breath to compose himself. "You're my brother and â€| and I'm gonna love you as such, I promiseâ€|" he said, holding back his tears. "I'm really sorryâ€|" he finished while locking his eyes into Derek's.

The eldest took every word like a blow. He would have preferred it if Stiles had punched or yelled at him instead of facing this apologetic weakling, this person that wasn't Stiles. He wasn't his Stiles, impetuous, hustling, daring and brave. He was a bowl of despair and sadness, a small, weak, wounded creature.

"You're not my brother," he said between clenched teeth, his chest burning with the fear aroused by everything the teenager had said. "You're not my brother Stiles!" he yelled ferociously. But Stiles took it so painfully that Derek dourly swallowed his belligerence, looking for something in the teenager's honey-colored irises that explained why he seemed even more devastated. And when it struck him, it put his broken heart at the end of its tether. Stiles had been clinging to the idea that they were brothers because he hadn't anything else left. Derek had showed himself with Kate and had crossed him out of his life. By saying he wasn't his brother, it seemed like Derek's screaming implied that he didn't mean anything for him anymore. "I don't care about Kate â€| he growled, demoralized, unable to cure the pain that he saw growing within Stiles. "Come home," he said gently to mute his fear and his anger. The teenager shook his head, scared at the prospect of coming home.

"I need more time, I mustâ€| I can't right now," he whispered with a

mug trampled by sadness, his heart beating unevenly. "Just let meâ€¦ I don't love you the right way, I haveâ€¦ I'm in love with you Derek," the kid sobbed as if he had just confessed something terrible. "I have to be your brother, or a â€¦ a â€¦ \_nothing\_," he said with an atoned voiceâ€¦ "Andâ€¦ I'm not ready for it D, I have toâ€¦" he cried, torn apart. Hale ran to the hyperactive's arms to embrace him with all his strength, feeling the kid's pain more than his own. The junior grabbed his t-shirt, sobbing loudly against his shoulder like a shipwrecked sailor would. "I'm sorry, so sorry Dâ€¦"

"I don't want a brother," Derek begged. "Please, I don't want a brother Stiles," he moaned into the child's neck. Demoralized, he caught the young man's thin face in his hands to kiss him, to touch his lips and slide his tongue into his mouth. The kid moved away from his grip and pushed him aside.

"W-What are you doing?" The brown haired boy asked while wiping his mouth with the back of his hand, a knife plunged in his heart. "Stop trying to help me, you're not helping," he said in a shattered whisper. "I don't want your pity Derek, even though I'm pitiful," he let out while stepping back to then run away. Derek punched the closest wall he could find, sticking his forehead against it, crying his eyes out with tears that had been scorching his throat for the past week. He had ruined everything. Now, Stiles thought that everything they had shared had been shared out of pity and nothing else.

"You love him?" said a mean voice he recognized as Scott's behind him. "You put some distance between you because you love him?" he asked angrily. "You've got a fucking issue man!" he said while turning Hale around, whom hadn't any strength left and slid against the wall, holding his face in his hands. "He's been craving for your attention for months, as if he had lost everything!" the other growled with rage. "He cried for weeks like a four year-old, hating himself for being himself! He was a motionless wreck Hale! He was a fucking wimp without his \_hero\_" he hissed it like an insult. "And you, asshole, you love him like a retard!" he yelled, tears of pure rage in his eyes. "He's going to a boarding school in two months," the tanned boy growled belligerently. "To not smother you!" He yelled with a broken voice. Derek's heart skipped a beat before accelerating, making the elder cry, feeling like he was about to die.

"Stop it Scott," interrupted Alyson with her sweet voice as she was uselessly holding the guy's sleeve.

"Aly! He took more Adderal to stop being hyperactive for fuck's sake! So that his \_brother\_ would take him back! Fuck, he went bat-shit crazy!" Scott yelled, crying his hostility away. "He's been improving for the past two months, he's finally talking again! He even had stopped talking in it case that's what the issue was!" He yelled at the wolf.

"Scott!" Alyson insisted with a firm voice. "I think he gets it."

"What? He shows his face four months later, four months later! Pretending to be an innocent bystander who hasn't seen shit! He didn't even know that Stiles was in the hospital, that he was staying

at my place!" The tanned kid cried out while facing his girlfriend. "And now he gets it? Now he sees the issue and wants to make it all better because he's been Â«sufferingÂ» for a miserable, shitty week ?! He can go back to your slutty sister's boobs! I'm sure that that bitch messed with his brain! She hates Stiles."

"That's true, but it won't make things better. Yelling at him like that will only hurt Stiles even more." she calmly replied.

That night, Derek waited for John until late. His world shattered, his heart broken, Hale felt like he was sinking into a bereft place. He couldn't focus on anything else than Stiles and what he had done to him, his incoming departure, his pale face, his heavy heart. So much time had passed since that magical morning where, for the first time, he tasted his lips. Those eight years spent living at each other's side as if nothing else mattered seemed so far away. Everything was in shambles, ruined and the teenager felt annihilated. He had no tears left to cry as if Scott's justified anger forbade him them to run. He was in so much pain that nothing mattered anymore. When John finally came home, he was surprised to see him there, sitting still at the kitchen table.

"What's wrong?" the adult asked, worried, as he turned the lights on.

"Stiles needs to come home," he said with a rasping voice. The sheriff sighed as he ran a hand on the back of his neck.

"I know and I guess that you've been trying to convince him to come back for weeks butâ€¦ I think that everything's catching to him. His teenage angstâ€¦" he said. "He's not you, Derek, and I fail to handle our arguments," he admitted while taking a seat, aggrieved. The teenager felt even worse. To think that John thought Stiles was the issueâ€¦

"It's my fault," he confessed piteously, feeling the tears burning his eyes.

"No, no kid, don't think that it is," the sheriff asked while putting his hand over his. "You're eighteen and you have a life, you don't always have to be protective and considerate," he affirmed without knowing that a gnawing anger was rising up within Derek.

"No, it's really my fault," he said with a heavy voice, rejecting the support of the man who had raised him like his son.

"That's what your Â«big brotherÂ» complex and your guilt make you think Derek, but I'm sure you've got nothing to do with it," the man kindly insisted, seemingly lost, like he was unable to bear the idea that Derek was also feeling down while he couldn't handle his own son.

"I do!" Hale cried out. "I want him to come back," he begged while sitting up. "Please John, I need him back. Ask him to come home, I'll take care of it," he began to cry, his irrational fear gnawing at his nerves. "I'll do whatever you want," he supplicated, on the verge of breaking up.

"I'm not the one who doesn't want him back," said the dejected lawman without really knowing what to do. He stood up, initiating aborted

gestures towards the distorting teenager. "He can't bare to be here anymore, Derek. He swallowed all of his medicine three months ago," he reminded, as if Derek knew about it. The teenager pitched dangerously, stepping away despite himself, his lungs were frozen. "I'm in way over my head here," he confessed piteously. "And he seems to be improving with Scott around, more so than with us. Melissa is mothering him and I thinâ€¦"

"I'm in love with him," Derek let out, his voice breaking under the weight of his confession. "I'm crazy about him, I'm in love with him," he repeated, his mind completely cracked by his the pain. "I've always loved him," he cried while rolling up into a ball. John did not refrain the urge to take the kid in his arms.

"I know Derek, I know," he whispered while clinging onto the kid who was drowning into a pitiful flow of tears.

"It's my fault. I believedâ€¦ I wish I'd die for it," he said against his tutor's shoulder while his acidic tears were getting more intense. "I â€¦ abandoned himâ€¦" he lamented piteously. "I didn't see anythingâ€¦ I wanted to hate him," he continued, rambling. "He tried to talk to meâ€¦ I didn't want to see him anymoreâ€¦"

After that, John asked Stiles to come home. He didn't want his two boys to decline, he couldn't bare it. Six weeks later, Derek had lost faith and John collapsed under his inability to deal with teenagers. Stiles was just a stranger who told them about his day, tried to be involved but not too involved, ate, slept, and set off again. He had moved his stuff from the room in which Derek had settled again in less than an hour, claiming that they were too old for this and that if he was kind to his \_brother,\_ it was only because he was his \_brother\_. Worst of all, the kid didn't hold any grudge against him at all and tried to be agreeable to both his father and him. He smiled sadly at him, prepared his lunch and kept such a distance between them that the orphan sunk into remorsees that were more and more destructive.

"Wanna watch a movie tonight?" Stiles asked while clearing the table.

"No," the wound up wolf answered tersely.

"Yes, sorry, you probably have some work to do. I don't know what I was thinking," the brown â€¦ haired boy justified himself, unaware that he was torturing Derek with that shitty, submissive attitude which contradicted his own.

"No, I don't have any work to do Stiles," said the elder desperately, clenching his fist. "Iâ€¦ I need things to go back the way they were," he confessed in a whisper while closing his eyes. Stiles' ticker skipped a beat before it set going like a space rocket while the unpleasant smell of sorrow and fear filled the small kitchen.

"I can't," Stiles hissed. "I â€¦ but I'll be gone soon, things will get better," he said to himself before letting out a false laugh.

"Stiles, what we shared," attempted the elder, trying to ignore the panic that was growing within the boy.

"No! No, don't say it Derek! Not this!" the kid started nervously while running his hand through his hair with teary eyes. "Not now! I can't! not now! not yet!" he continued while pressing his fingers on his forehead in a psychotic gesture.

"Stiles!" said the wolf worryingly, disarmed by this disarray he didn't know.

"Please Derek, don't say it!" interrupted the kid between his teeth while waves of a stifling sea of sorrow was exuding from him. "I know that, alright? Just give me some time! I'm going away! I'm going away! Don't tell me, it's gonna kill me D. Just! sorry," he began to cry, cursing himself.

"Stiles," Derek panicked and stood up to join him.

"Don't-don't tell me! Don't talk about this! I can't do it!" the junior said, shaking, breathing through his mouth like a drowned man.

"Okay, okay, okay, stop it, Okay Stiles, stop it, I won't!"

But here they were, the kid would leave for boarding school in two weeks and Derek was so scared that his inner wolf was out of control. He, who had tamed his instinct at a young age, was now chained up in the basement even when the moon wasn't full. Stiles, acting like a good little brother, came to ask about his state despite the fact that he was going completely mad. And he couldn't talk, because Stiles believed something else. And he couldn't shake him out of it, he had shaken him enough already. And he couldn't make it up to him because everything had been blown to bits.

Everything smelled of Stiles, of his companion, of his lover. Stiles' smell was filled with sadness and it seemed like the memories of that morning had never existed! The rage of his inner wolf was increasing, avenging itself after all of these months of silence spent in a cage.

"I thought that you had fucked Erica," he confessed with a croaky voice on the third evening. "Kate told me that she had caught you and I believed her," he said while staring at the black ceiling of the basement, the chains cutting through his skin. "I believed it because Erica smelled of lust, because she was sticking your face in her boobs, because she's beautiful and you're magnificent. I believed it because I was aching, because I was jealous, because I hate her for loving you, because you can have anything you want!" The sound of shattering glass made him lower his head and he met the honey-colored eyes of his angel. "I stayed away from you because it was killing me. When I learned about the hospital and everything else, it fucked me up," he continued, torn apart, growling like an animal. "And you told me you loved me and I love so much! so much! I would have ripped my own face apart for being such an asshole!" he laughed through his sobbing. "I tried to kiss you because I love you Stiles, I'm crazy about you, the thought of you leaving makes me sick! I'm not saying this out of pity for you, I want you cause you mean the world to me." Stiles sat down, still looking at him with, gazing at him confusedly with humid eyes, short-winded. "I've been in love with you since we're kids, I could've never fucked Kate because she's not you. You're my companion Stiles, I've always known it." The desperate teenager began to cry. "After I turned fourteen, I wanted to make

love with you so bad that I spent my nights clinging to your skin, I spent my nights listening to you breathing, smelling your body odor, doing everything but sleep. And that morning, Stilesâ€¦ That morningâ€¦ It wasn't just sexâ€¦" he sniffed before blowing his rage out through his clenched teeth, letting out all of this pain that was grinding him from within. "Our eyes were locked together," he growled through tears of fury. "It was your mouth, your lips, us facing each other," he said, crying about this defeat that tore his innards apart. "It wasn't a secret anymore, it was a moment of truth!" he yelled while cursing himself, his claws cutting into his shoulders. "Please, forgive meâ€¦" he begged while grabbing his hair, trying to pull himself away from this pain that was eating him whole. "I'm sorry. Please forgive me," he repeated louder through his tears and clenched teeth. "I hate what I did to you," he moaned desperately. "I hate myself for what I did to you Stilesâ€¦" he sobbed like a child. "You're not my brother, you won't ever be my fucking brother because I got you under my skin!" he said with bare fangs and foam at his mouth while the kid was observing him, petrified.

Stiles advanced on all fours on him, within an inch of the panic attack. The eyes stirred, tears streaked his cheeks, his breath wore out itself, the hands trembled. He unchained the wolf. Derek seemed in the middle of a crisis, incapable to stop crying. The hyperasset slid the arms around the neck while the werewolf grumbled as ever, the eyes growing red through his sobs and his heart-rending complaints.

"I love you, I love you D," cried the brown by kissing the cheek of Hale which caught him as a drowned person. "I am a nutcase of you D, for a long time," he murmured, feverish, while the animal grew in Derek, devastating. "Derek, I love you," whispered in his ear, in his neck, on his skin.

"Don't go," he begged while hanging onto the kid. "Don't go Stiles," he supplicated while raising the breathless junior's teary face. "Don't leave me Stiles," he whispered between his doleful tears. "I love you Stily, always, I've always loved you," he cried while holding the teenager, who was drowning in his tears, by the back of his neck. "I love you, I'm an asshole â€¦ you didn't do anything wrongâ€¦ I love you so much â€¦ you're the only one I want Stiles â€¦ please Stiles, don't leaveâ€¦ I love you more than everything in the world â€¦ forgive me" he begged, agonizing. "I was jealous" he said, crying like a baby. "I love you and I am the assholeâ€¦ I can't live without you â€¦ don't leave me Stilesâ€¦ I was selfish, I'm being even more selfish now asking you this," he exhaled between unbearable spasms. "I can't live without you Stilesâ€¦" he sobbed while tightly holding him in his arms. "I love you, I love you, I love youâ€¦" he madly whispered. "Don't leave," he begged repeatedly while Stiles was loudly emptying his tear ducts in his arms. "I love you, I love youâ€¦"

They remained like this for a very long time. They had ran out of tears but were incapable to let go of each other. They settled themselves more comfortably and sat next to one another while hugging and clinging onto each other as best they could, completely entwined. After spending ten minutes staring at each other in complete silence, Derek leaned forward and kissed Stiles. Gently at first. But they were both seized by a ravaging frenzy and ended up lying on the floor while literally devouring each other's mouths. They moaned like wounded creatures who were taking in everything they could from each

other, as if their very lives depended on it, as if there was no tomorrow. The fire set within Derek's innards was inexhaustible. The junior was laid between his legs and his desire consumed him so that he wanted to die. Stile's mouth was the only thing that mattered on earth. It tasted like the most devastative of narcotics and bruised the lusty wolf's mouth.

"Make love to me Derek", the kid whispered on his lips before biting him. "Make love to me D," he repeated, in need, sobbing and grabbing his t-shirt as if to tear it off of him.

There was nothing gentle about their lovemaking. Like their emotions, it was violent and brutal. Derek growled unintentionally as the beast within was taking over his humanity. He swirled them around and forced his hips against the kid's who moaned loudly while his nails were stuck into Derek's back. Hale bit the pale neck of the boy, who was driving him mad, while rubbing their groins which were pressed together. Their painful erections were gorged with blood. He took the kid's undershirt off, unscrupulously scratching him as he did, took off his jeans, almost tearing them off, regaled by the broken sounds his besotted companion emitted. He took off his own clothes, pressing himself against the brown-haired boy whose moans almost sounded like cries. Their lovemaking became fiery as Hale, maddened by the bloody scratch marks Stiles was carving on his back and shoulders, licked and bit every parcel of skin that was available to him. He seized their cocks, growling with despair while feeling the pleasure procured by this simple gesture and began to fuck in his fist, rubbing his length against Stiles' dick, who was losing his mind as he moaned, transported. Derek was crazed up by the orgasm that was suddenly building up inside him. He barely breathed, his vision was blurry and he was deafened by their voices which fucked what little oxygen he managed to take in. He was where he belonged, in the midst of all his fantasies, submerged by the delicious smell of Stiles' arousal. Their kisses were an animalistic display of tongues and teeth. Their seminal fluids slid on the eldest's tremulous hand, who was pumping sporadically their cocks pressed together. It didn't take them long to release themselves. Derek swooned, deprived of oxygen, completely crushed under the weight of ecstasy. He fell back on the kid, lying against his sticky stomach. He caught his breath before giving him a dirty, indecent kiss, while being regaled by the supplicating whispers of his lover, whose muscles still jerked.

"I love you," he said while kissing him. "I want you so bad Stiles," he growled. He slid his tongue between the kid's lips, moaning under this unbelievably pleasant sensation and the feeling of his upscaling arousal.

"...inside me," Stiles whispered, completely tremulous. "I want you inside me!" he moaned as he seized the wolf by the back of his neck, forcing his pelvis against Hale's, violently kissing him.

Derek growled violently, completely maddened by what was happening, by these past weeks, by these past years. He slid his hand in the void between their bodies, still devouring unscrupulously the brown-haired boys' lips and laid a finger on his entrance, both of them moaning in unison. He gently caressed it before penetrating it, only to withdraw himself almost immediately, unsure about what to do while his body was warming up. Then he felt Stile's hand guiding him, forcing his finger to enter, his legs jerked while he did. The



teenager leaned his head back, so obviously overwhelmed by pleasure that Hale inserted a second finger, panting with desire, bending forward to bite his throat.

Stiles lost himself within his moans while Derek thrived just by pleasuring him. He pressed his fingers against its linings, enjoying its softness and the humidity that surrounded him. He folded them to later stretch them while being regaled by his companion's broken moans. Hale literally wailed as he inserted a third finger, enjoying the den that was opening itself to him and which procured him unexpected shivers. He acted languidly, playfully, as if it was a mouth that surrounded and sucked his fingers, and he loved it. Stiles turned into a sweating, shivering heap. He was totally beside himself and the teenager felt himself weakening while realizing this. He withdrew himself and resumed devouring this moaning, gasping mouth, sliding the tip of his penis on the swooning kid's entrance.

He caressed him at first, trembling with excitement while growling profusely, and then penetrated him before pulling himself away almost at once. Stiles stuck his nails in his shoulders, wheezing magnificently while Derek resumed his little game by penetrating him a little further, frustrating his own desire by forcing himself to act outrageously slowly. But the further he went, the more frustrated Stiles was and the more frantic and dirty were his kisses. When he felt he was completely inside him, he inhaled deeply to let out a broken and imperious groan. Stiles spasmodically tightened himself around his cock, sending him on the edge while he was erratically trying to catch his breath. And he finally moved, in and out, so that he could penetrate him deeper, feeling every inch rubbing violently against his penis, he swooned, completely beside himself, tuning in with the kid's broken groans while the latter was grabbing his ass, setting the tempo. Derek lost all of his retenue, joltingly penetrating him deeper and deeper, moaning under the pain he felt in his arms while the muscle coiled around him, locking him up in an almost unbearable heat. He bit into Stiles' shoulder as he grabbed his penis in his hand to feel the pleasure that ran through it. The brown-haired boy's powerful groan closed the deal. Derek was dazzled by the orgasm and cramped every last one of his muscles. He released himself several times without letting go of the junior's collar bone while he was losing himself within the last snippets of his ecstasy.

The days went by and they were kissing, sleeping together, loving each other at long last. But Stiles still had doubts. His sincere smiles were a way to hide his fear that everything would collapse again, that Derek would stop loving him. The elder was aware of this and felt guilty about it. After two months, Stiles' insecurity had faded but was still here, like a shadow that would increase under the effect of the light. They remained discreet, even though the sheriff seemed to know about it, and didn't live their relationship openly at school, which would be over in a month. Derek talked about Kate to Silver, a huntress, and John, to their relief, began to lose himself in his investigation and to forget about them. But to see this shadow passing momentarily in the eyes of his lover, who seemed like he was forcing himself to believe, who took everything he could out of it just in case, became too heavy to bare for the wolf who refused to make him suffer once again. So, he began to display their relationship. He kissed the brown-haired boy when he could, hugged him in the corridors, sat next to him at the cafeteria, following the routine they always had followed before, but with benefits.

"Stop smooching you two!" the coach yelled one evening, during a training session. "I'm not even sure that it would be considered legal," he winced when the two teenagers stared at him. "Isn't it incest?" he said worryingly, with his crazy hairdo and his bulging eyes, pointing at them in turns.

"He's not my brother!" They yelled in unison, upset and ready to re-assume their place in the game, unaware that Finstock, proud of himself, smiled sadistically.

\* \* \*

><p><strong><em>One final word? ^^'<em>\*\*

\*\*\_Please forgive this quick ending, I had to publish it before midnight and it's now 23h47 p.m...\_\*\*

\*\*\_And I'm leaving you with this, good night people, and thank you to those who read me ;)\_\*\*

\*\*\_Hugs and kisses to you cubs!\_\*\*

End  
file.